

Doubts

by Kat03

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Doubts

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>From:<br>TheDamnBee  
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>Disclaimer: <br>Mulder, Scully, Padgett and all the other wonderful  
  
>characters don't belong to me but their incredible <br>creator Chris Carter, FOX and 1013. I don't own  
>them, so don't sue, there is nothing I could give <br>you ;-)  
>The story is mine, anyway :-D<br>Summary:  
>Mulder and Scully face the events of Milagro and <br>Amor Fati. Doesn't the title say all? :-)  
>Author notes:<br>I know I have already said this but for those of  
  
>you who haven't read one of my stories, yet: <br>Forgive a poor German girl her mistakes. I am doing  
>my best but there can still be some mistakes. <br>Sorry. So be kind :-)  
>Nevertheless, criticism and feedback are the things <br>I live for! So if you have some minutes for me,  
>please review this story or e-mail me. <br>Archive:  
>Yeah, sure. Yet, please ask me first and tell me <br>where it's going  
><br>

><br>

>This story is dedicated to all the other creative authors out there.

<br>You are all wonderful.

><br>

>Before I start, let me say thanks once again to ShyShipper, the  
<br>funniest accountant on Earth, Dannana for betaing my fanfic (What

>would I do without ya?), my parents for paying my high internet  
<br>bill, my friends for not leaving me because I spent so much time  
on

>writing and special thanks go to David Duchovny and Gillian Anderson  
<br>who invest so much love and passion in making their characters  
live.

>Oh, and thanks to all you readers out there who have encouraged me  
<br>to keep writing.

><br>

>So here we go.....<br>

><br>Doubts

>by TheDamnBee<br>

><br>

>Part One<br>

>FBI Headquarters <br>Washington D.C.

>Friday, 6:30 p.m.<br>

><br>"Norman, Nunding, Nunio, Oldmann, Omley, Oxley, Pabuelo,

>Alderton..."<br>"Alderton?" Dana Scully raised her eyebrow and  
sighed. She had spent

>the whole day indefatigably trying to place hundreds of cases that  
<br>were lying in the file cabinet in the right order. It was not her

>usual task during her work at the FBI but since her partner had not  
<br>been there for the pass 5 days, she had decided to take the

>possibility to try to get some order into the chaos that could not  
<br>be called a file cabinet anymore. Of course not. It looked as if  
a

>bomb had exploded in the basement office. The days she had spent in  
<br>Africa while Mulder had been suffering from a mysterious

>extraterrestrial virus had not improved the situation. Now here she  
<br>was, standing in front of the file cabinet, trying to improve the

>mess caused by her partner. She admired Mulder for the love and the  
<br>passion he always invested in his job and his search for the  
truth

>but she hated to be the one who had to fix the chaos afterwards. Why  
<br>wasn't it possible for him to take the closed files and put them

>into the right file cabinet instead of throwing them all around?  
<br>What made it so difficult to place a file into the right

>alphabetical section? Scully sighed again when she put the Alderton  
<br>file under the A-section of the cabinet.

>Suddenly she had to smile and felt a feeling of regret for the  
<br>thoughts that had been going through her mind a few seconds ago.  
Did

>she really hate it? <br>She had to laugh when she found another  
A-case in the P-section of

>the cabinet. No, she was happy to find the files in the wrong order.

<br>Yes, she really was. Feeling she had almost lost him a few days

ago,  
>she now realized that he might have never come back, never smiled at  
<br>her again, never ate his sunflower seeds and he had probably  
never  
>placed a file in the wrong order again. She could not put into words  
<br>how happy she was to know he was alive, breathing, laughing and  
  
>crying. <br>Yet, the recent incidents had shown her how vulnerable  
she had  
>become, how sensitive. Maybe she was more scared to lose him  
<br>forever, to lose his strenght. Never before had she needed his  
  
>strenght more than she had in the pass days when she had been unsure  
<br>of what to believe, who to trust and what to think or feel.  
  
>Normally, she had been the one who had lead him through all his pain  
<br>and suffer and now she was the one who was in need of comfort and  
  
>support. It was not that she hated to be in need for comfort and  
<br>warmth but usually, she did not allow herself to open up to  
someone  
>very often. Confusion had almost killed her some days ago until she  
<br>had finally felt his arms around her when he assured her that  
there  
>was nothing to be scared of. Her mother had once told her that you  
<br>never know what you have until you have almost lost it. Now,  
Scully  
>was thankful that she had known it before she had almost lost  
<br>Mulder. And she had no doubt that Mulder already knew how much he  
  
>meant to her. No doubt. At least, she had also told him he was her  
<br>touchstone, her constant. So he could not have any doubts about  
her  
>feelings for him, he could not. <br>  
>"Okay, Mr. Akinsale, let's put you behind Mrs. Akansy. I think you  
<br>both will like each other", Scully said with an evil smile on her  
  
>face when she thought about the fact that both had a certain liking  
<br>for killing their neighbours.  
>Sometimes she wondered how many killers, monsters, vampires and  
<br>aliens were 'lying' here in the cabinets. She took a long breath  
and  
>pulled off her white jacket before she went on. It was extremely  
<br>warm in Mulder's office although it was still spring. Yet, it was  
a  
>wonderful warm day outside and before Scully could ask herself what  
<br>the hell she was doing here instead of joining the other people  
  
>outside and taking the pleasure of a walk through the park, she took  
<br>the next files and put them into their right order.  
>"Hm, Packard, Padgett...."<br>'PADGETT, PHILIPP' was written in  
capital letters on the front of  
>the file she held in her hand. Scully felt uncomfortable with the  
<br>special file in her hand. She knew all too well what had almost  
  
>happened to her while she and Mulder had been working on the Padgett  
<br>case. Yet, it was not just the fact that someone had almost  
killed  
>her that caused this indefinable feeling. It was Padgett and his  
<br>uncomfortable and direct way of showing his feelings for her. It

was

>the things he had written about her, things he had said about her.  
<br>Those things she had always refused to believe although she had

>enjoyed imagining them to a certain extent. She was feeling  
<br>uncomfortable since she had never wanted Mulder to know these

>personal, private things. Somehow she had felt guilty when Mulder  
<br>had confronted her with Padgett's book that had revealed so much of

>her privacy, her soul, her desires. She could not explain why since  
<br>she and Mulder were just friends and partners and she had always

>been trying to push this feeling away and now it was all coming back  
<br>to her. She took the Milagro charm Padgett had given her out of the

>file attachments and stared at it while she held it in her  
hand.<br>Just when she thought about the reason why it had attracted her

>once, she heard somebody open the door and turned around. She did  
<br>not recognize that the Milagro fell out of her hand on the ground.

><br>"I knew you would be curious about my video collection, Scully  
but

>you are searching at the wrong place."<br>

>"Mulder!" Scully quickly put the file into the cabinet and made her  
<br>way to Mulder.

><br>He was not wearing his usual FBI suit but jeans and a blue shirt.

>Only the identity card that was fastened on his shirt made it clear  
<br>that he was an FBI agent. She could see that he did not wear his

>baseball cap anymore but his dark hair was still short and she could  
<br>see the scar on his head which had resulted from the operation and

>all the cruel things they had done to him. She shuddered at this  
<br>thought.

><br>"Mulder", she repeated, "What are you doing here? You planned to

>come back next Monday. Are you okay?" <br>Scully carefully touched the scar on his head and Mulder rested his  
>hand on hers.<br>

>"Yeah, just thought I'd visit you and check if everything is okay  
<br>with the video collection."

>Mulder gave her a short grin. <br>

>Scully sighed. <br>"Mulder, please..."

>Before she could continue, Mulder interrupted her.<br>

>"Okay, okay, partner. Staying at home all day is killing me, Scully.  
<br>I needed to do something so I thought I'd finish some open reports

>and check all things that I couldn't finish before my, well, before  
<br>I got ill. Will you say you are not happy to see me, Scully? That

>disappoints me."<br>

><br>Scully smiled. She loved his patented Mulder humour. He was one of

>the few persons who could always make her laugh. Of course, she was  
<br>not the one who was serious all the time but for some reason she

>just did not like to show her feelings to other people and so she

<br>was glad Mulder had the ability to make her laugh. She just could  
>not resist him when he was teasing her in such a way.<br>

>"Mulder, you know that I am happy to have you here." Mulder stared  
<br>into her eyes the way he had some days ago in the hallway. Then,

>Scully broke the silence.<br>

>" I, uh, I am happy you are here, so you can help me removing the  
<br>mess formerly known as Fox Mulder's file cabinet.

><br>"What? What does that mean, Scully? What do you mean with  
'mess'? He

>walked to the file cabinet, opened it and then gave Scully his  
<br>'What-have-I-done' look.

><br>"As far as I can see, everything is in its place, Scully."

><br>Scully went to him and made herself comfortable on the desk.

><br>"Aha. So you would say everything is in its place when you find  
Mr.

>Burton before Mr. Adley, eh?" She tucked one strand of her red hair  
<br>behind her left ear and raised an eyebrow at him.

><br>"I suppose they won't kill each other, Scully. They are already

>dead."<br>

>Scully shook her head. He could not stop teasing her. Yet, she was  
<br>glad to see him in such an excellent mood. She would not tell  
him,

>certainly not.<br>When he saw her shaking her head, he added, "Come  
on, Scully. What

>did you expect of a man who is always typing his reports with two  
<br>fingers?"

><br>He turned to her and then sat down next to his partner on the  
desk.

><br>"Okay, Mulder, you win. Maybe it's really not a good idea to go  
on

>with this. I am tired and if you don't mind I will make my way home  
<br>now. Yet, I think I will spend some time in the park and try to

>catch some fresh air. Wanna go with me?"<br>

>"Ah, maybe next time, Scully. I prefer inhaling the dust that is  
<br>lying on my video tapes here."

><br>Scully rolled her eyes.

><br>"Oh boy."

><br>"What?" Mulder grinned at her.

><br>Scully took her jacket off the chair and walked to the door.  
"Good

>night, Mulder" she said when she opened it.<br>

>"Good night, Scully."<br>

>"Um, Scully?"<br>

>Scully turned her head.<br>

>"Yes?"<br>

>"What about Fox Mulder's file cabinet?"<br>

>"Well, Mulder, as you put it, it's FOX MULDER'S file  
cabinet."<br>Without another word she had left the office.

><br>

>FBI Headquarters<br>7:30 p.m.

><br>

>"Damn!" Mulder murmured when realizing he had written the wrong word  
<br>again. He sighed and rested his head on his desk. He was having a

>terrible headache and innerly, he already hated himself for having  
<br>been so stupid to study and write some reports instead of  
recovering

>on his sofa at home. He was thankful Scully was not there to give  
<br>him her usual 'Why-are-you-doing-this-again-and-again, Mulder'

>speech. On the other hand he wished she was there to tell him this.  
<br>Having decided to leave the office and to get some fresh air

>instead, he stood up from his chair and put the case he had been  
<br>working on during the pass hour in the file cabinet.

>"Okay, let's see..." He searched for the right alphabetical section  
<br>to put the case in. Suddenly he had to laugh when he thought  
about

>the fact that again, something Scully had said had a certain effect  
<br>on him. He had to cough and suddenly it felt as if an elephant  
was

>running through his head! Rubbing his forehead with his hand, he  
<br>decided to hurry up. He had to get out of there, quickly, and he

>took his key when...<br>"Oh dammit!" he cried when he saw his key  
had fallen on the floor.

>That was definitely not his day. Definitely not.<br>"Okay, where is  
the camera?!" he murmured angrily when he got down

>on his knees to search the key.<br>He tried to reach his arm under  
the desk that stood next to the file

>cabinets when he finally found his key and...<br>"What's that?"

>There was something else lying under the desk.<br>He reached under  
the desk again and could not say a word when he

>finally reached it. Mulder stared instantly at the little, familiar  
<br>metallic thing in his hand. A million thoughts went through his  
mind

>and he could not do anything against them. Desire, lust, passion,  
<br>love, fear, anger, all these associations were flooding his brain  
at

>the moment and he could clearly hear Padgett's words 'Agent Scully  
<br>is already in love'. Padgett; Mulder could not decide how to feel

>about him. On the one hand, he admired him for his ability to  
<br>describe his personal and secret wishes and feelings, for the way

>his words had touched Scully. Of course, they had touched her.  
<br>Scully was a woman who liked to get compliments the same way  
other

>women got them. On the other hand, he was angry about the way  
<br>Padgett had made Scully feeling uncomfortable. Or was it just

>jealousy about the fact that a man she had known for just a short  
<br>moment had caused reactions and feelings in his partner by just

>giving her this very Milagro charm Mulder was now holding in his  
<br>hand? He did not know how to feel about Padgett but what scared  
him

>even more was, that he did not know how exactly Scully had felt and  
<br>was still feeling about his former neighbor. Was he just a  
lovelorn

>Romeo to her as she had pretended when she had first spoken of the  
<br>Milagro with Mulder? Or was she still thinking about Padgett? If

>not, why had she taken the Milagro charm out of the cabinet, then?  
<br>What did it still symbolize for her?

><br>Mulder jumped to his feet and put the Milagro into his pocket.  
Why

>the hell was he thinking about it? And wasn't it Scully's personal  
<br>thing if she wanted to have the charm? He knew how Scully felt  
about

>him, didn't he? She had gone to Africa a few days ago to save him  
<br>and she had told him he was her touchstone, her constant. And  
hadn't

>the way she had let her thumbs linger over his lips said all? So  
<br>what did he want? What was this all about?

><br>"Ouch!" Mulder felt the painful stitches in his head once again  
as

>he closed the office door.<br>

><br>Part Two

><br>Near the FBI Headquarters

>Washington D.C.<br>7:45 p.m.

><br>

>"Here you are, young man", Scully smiled when she gave the red ball  
<br>back to a 5 year-old boy who was bowing his head while standing  
in

>front of her. He did not hesitate a moment to take his ball and run  
<br>back to the three other young boys that were playing soccer in  
the

>park. Scully had been watching them for about an hour now while she  
<br>was sitting on a bench in a park and she had not noticed that it  
had

>been almost an hour since she had left the office for a walk in the  
<br>park. Every time she saw children playing football, baseball or

>whatsoever, it reminded her of her childhood. How often had she gone  
<br>out to a park with Bill and Charlie to play some games or just to

>play tricks on other people while they ran across the park. Melissa  
<br>had not often joined them. She had always been the one of the two

>sisters that had not preferred playing around with her brothers and  
<br>the boys of their neighborhood. Even when she had been a little

>girl, Melissa had been so reasonable. Nobody would have guessed at  
<br>this time that Scully would at least be the one to be the most

>rational of the family. <br>

>It was amazing that it was still warm at this time of the day but  
<br>Scully decided to pull on her jacket, though. She leaned her head

>back, closed her eyes and enjoyed the few warm sunbeams that were  
<br>gently touching her skin. Everything seemed so peaceful to her  
and

>the only sounds she could hear were some flies that were buzzing  
<br>around her ears and the boys who were giggling and laughing now.

>Feeling somebody standing behind made a huge smile come to her face.  
<br>Without opening her eyes, she said, "What's up, Mulder?"

><br>Mulder sat down beside her and Scully opened her eyes and turned  
her

>head to face him. <br>

>"How did you know it was me, Scully?" he asked. "Do you have any  
<br>telepathic abilities I don't know about?"  
><br>"No. But I have a very sensitive nose, Mulder."  
><br>Mulder looked confused.  
>"But Scully, I took a shower this morning, so..."<br>  
>Scully sighed and could not stop grinning.<br>  
>"Your after-shave, Mulder, it was your after-shave."<br>  
>Mulder nodded.<br>  
>"Ah, I see."<br>  
>For a few minutes, neither of them said a word. Both kept watching  
<br>the boys who had now decided to play football, instead. Well, it  
  
>could not be called football, really, because they seemed to have  
<br>developed their own rules and playing strategies. After a while,  
  
>Mulder sighed and Scully turned her head.<br>  
>"Okay, what is it, Mulder?"<br>  
>"What do you mean?"<br>  
>"Fox Mulder, do you expect me to believe you have come to join me in  
<br>the park just because the weather is wonderful?"  
><br>Scully knew that if her partner acted out of character, there  
was  
>usually something that preoccupied him. Something he did not intend  
<br>to talk about but, at least, wanted to be asked about. Seven  
years  
>with Fox Mulder had resulted in a total knowledge of his behaviour  
<br>and his peculiarities.  
><br>"Maybe I did want to join you in the park because the weather is  
so  
>nice..."<br>  
>"Mulder..." <br>  
>"Scully?"<br>  
>"That's me."<br>  
>Mulder hesitated a moment before he went on. He leant back and tried  
<br>to keep his eyes on the boys.  
><br>"Why are you doing this for me, Scully?"  
><br>Now Scully was confused and did not know how to react.  
>"What do you..."<br>  
>Mulder rested his hand on hers and went on.<br>  
>"Sshh, Scully, please let me talk first, okay?"<br>  
>Scully nodded but Mulder's eyes were still fixed on the boys that  
<br>were running around in the park. Somehow he could not face her,  
he  
>could not look into her eyes.<br>  
>"Well, I did not tell you this after you saved me from this  
<br>operation room where they had kept me. Yet, I want you to know  
this.  
>I cannot say whether it was a dream, or which parts were real, or  
<br>what they have done to me but I have to tell you about the  
choice, a  
>new life, I was offered. I even do not know whether it was a new  
<br>life or an alternate version of how my old life could have been  
  
>like."<br>  
>Scully squeezed his hand.<br>  
>"What kind of choice Mulder?"<br>  
>"It was a so called 'normal' life without any threats, murders,  
<br>suffering or pain. I saw my sister and all the people that had to  
  
>die because of the X Files, because of the truth, because of me..."



<br>he bowed his head and stared on the ground.  
><br>Scully touched his head.  
>"Mulder, nobody died because of you. Haven't we talked about  
<br>this..."  
><br>"No, Scully, please, let me go on. I am not talking about all  
that  
>'This-is-my-fault' stuff. I mean, there was everything a person  
<br>could dream for, everything one could expect of one's life and  
  
>despite it all, I wasn't happy or satisfied. I chose to go on living  
<br>my old life instead because...." he hesitated a second before he  
  
>added, "Because YOU were not part of the alternate one."<br>  
  
>"Mulder, you don't have to tell..."<br>  
>"Wait. I know, I told you you were my constant and my touchstone but  
<br>I just wanted to reassure you that I did not choose life instead  
of  
>death because I felt obligated to you since you have done everything  
<br>for me. It was my choice, Scully. I wanted to be here with you. I  
  
>just wanted it."<br>  
>Mulder raised his head and looked at her when Scully placed her  
<br>hands on his cheeks.  
><br>"I know, Mulder. I know."  
><br>Then, suddenly, he took her hands off his cheeks and stood up.  
  
><br>"Then why are YOU doing all this for me, Scully? Why didn't YOU  
  
>choose an alternate way? Why...why didn't you choose...this?"<br>  
  
>Mulder took the Milagro charm out of his pocket and gave it to her.  
<br>Scully looked at the Milagro charm, the little burning heart in  
her  
>hand, and then looked at Mulder. Both did not say a word; they just  
<br>stared at each other. Then Mulder turned and left her alone.  
  
>Scully was not able to say anything or even to move. She was  
<br>perplexed of the way the charm had obviously affected Mulder. How  
  
>could he doubt her feelings for him. Yet, what did he think her  
<br>feelings for him were like? She had been such an idiot. How could  
  
>she have expected him to know it? She had told him he was her  
<br>touchstone, didn't she? Scully knew that, maybe, it was something  
  
>different he wanted to be confirmed. She put the Milagro into her  
<br>pocket and watched him leave.  
><br>  
>Part Three<br>  
>A Catholic church in<br>Washington, D.C.  
>Sunday, 5 p.m.<br>  
><br>The church was nearly empty when Scully entered it. Only an old  
  
>woman and an old man were sitting on one of the first benches.  
<br>Scully did not know them. The old man turned his head when he  
heard  
>Scully's steps and nodded with a light smile on his face. Scully  
<br>nodded, too, then stopped and looked around for a while. The man

>turned around and whispered something into the old woman's ear.  
<br>Scully could not understand what he was saying but she loved the  
  
>silence every time she entered a church. Everything was so peaceful  
<br>here and churches always gave her a feeling of relief, rest and  
  
>comfort. It was the perfect place to think about a problem or just  
<br>to forget everything that was going on outside. And that was  
exactly  
>the reason why she had come here now. She especially liked this  
<br>church. It was not as dark as all the other churches she had  
visited  
>in her life. There were many candles burning which provided a  
<br>special, awesome atmosphere. After the incident with Padgett, she  
  
>had not entered it again and she did not know why. There were now  
<br>other things and questions she had to think about. She just  
wanted  
>to sit down on one of the first benches when she saw a man standing  
<br>in front of a painting, a painting that was so familiar to her.  
It  
>showed Christ holding a burning heart. Scully hesitated for a moment  
<br>and then went to the man. He wore jeans, a grey T-shirt and a  
black  
>leather jacket. He just stood there, his arms crossed, gazing at the  
<br>painting. Scully stopped next to him and looked at the painting  
as  
>well. <br>  
>"What are you doing here, Mulder?" she whispered softly.<br>  
>"I wanted to confess but the priest told me that it would take too  
<br>long to forgive me all my sins."  
><br>Scully smiled. The last time she had been standing there with  
  
>Padgett, she had felt extremely uncomfortable but now that she stood  
<br>here at the same place with her partner, it was different,  
inspite  
>of the fact that she had been afraid to meet him again after all he  
<br>had told her and after all he had asked her.  
><br>"It's awesome, isn't it?"  
><br>Mulder shrugged his shoulders and then looked at Scully.  
  
><br>"Depends on its individual significance, Scully."  
><br>Scully could still hear the bitter tone in his voice.  
>She took a long breath and then began to speak.<br>  
>"Yeah, Mulder, indeed it does. So I will tell you something about  
<br>its significance. It is about the revelation of the sacred heart.  
  
>Philipp Padgett once told me that..." she stopped when she saw  
<br>Mulder rolling with his eyes when hearing Padgett's name.  
>Then she went on.<br>"Well, it is about Christ who came to Margaret  
Mary and his heart  
>was so inflamed with love that it was no longer able to contain its  
<br>burning flames of charity. Margaret Mary, so filled with divine  
love  
>herself, asked the Lord to take her heart and so he did, placing it  
<br>alongside his until it burned with the flames of his passion.  
Then  
>he restored it to Margaret Mary sealing her wound with the touch of  
<br>his blessed hand. This is its significance and this is what it  
means

>to me, Mulder. She did not give him her heart, she did not choose  
<br>his way because she felt obligated to him or his passion. They

>shared one and the same love and ...she saved him with her love so  
<br>he could save her. Her reason....was love."

>Scully could barely speak and she could see that her words had  
<br>touched Mulder who now looked so intensely into her eyes that she

>could almost feel it. <br>"But what about Pa...", Mulder stuttered.

>Scully took the Milagro charm out of her pocket and gave it to  
him.<br>"This....this means nothing to me. It touched my senses but  
not my

>soul. HE did not touch me, Mulder. It means nothing to me since it  
<br>was him who gave it to me."

>Mulder grabbed her hand, "I am sorry, Scully, I ..." <br>Scully once  
again fumbled in the pocket of her jacket and showed him

>a small keychain which had an 'Apollo 11' logo on its surface.

<br>"Do you know what really touched my soul, Mulder? It...it was  
this."

>Scully could feel some tears filling her eyes and before she could  
<br>do anything against it, one rolled over her right cheek. Mulder

>gently wiped it away with his thumb and rested his hand on her  
<br>cheek.

>"Why, Scully?" he whispered.<br>"Because....." she hesitated  
another moment, "Because it was YOU

>who gave it to me. I know you just said it was a cool keychain but  
<br>like you said, the significance of a thing depends on its  
individual

>significance for its owner and ....and the one who gave it to  
you."<br>"I, um, I never thought you'd still have it."

>"Sometimes, I think, our hearts make the decisions for us and we do  
<br>things we have no exact explanation for. I chose this, this way

>because you would not have been a part of my life if I had chosen  
<br>Padgett's way. And....I HAD already made my choice BEFORE he gave  
me

>the charm."<br>

>Mulder's hands were still placed on Scully's cheeks while he had  
<br>been listening to what she had said. He felt her words as if they

>were entering his body to touch his soul. All doubts, wherever they  
<br>had had their origin and whatever they had been like,  
disappeared.

>He now knew for sure that whatever it was that attracted Scully to  
<br>Padgett, it had not been love or passion. Padgett had been right,

>Scully had already been in love. He believed it had been his fear to  
<br>lose her that had sometimes tortured him and, maybe, this last

>little doubt that had not allowed him to accept what his heart had  
<br>already known.

>"I know, I know" he answered and hugged her softly.<br>They just  
stood there for a while and Mulder, with an expression of

>relief on his face, gazed at the painting. Scully leaned her head  
<br>against his chest and let another tear roll over her cheek.

><br>"But Scully?" Mulder whispered.

><br>"Yes?"

><br>"Isn't it a cool keychain?"  
><br>Scully raised her head and could not stop laughing. He was teasing  
>her exhaustibly.<br>After a while, she got serious again. Now it was her who placed her  
>hands on Mulder's cheeks and caressed them gently.<br>  
>"Yes, Mulder. I made the right decision."<br>  
>She moved closer so that her mouth almost touched his. She stopped a  
<br>few seconds and stared into his eyes. What she found there told her  
>that they were going the right way. Before she could realize what  
<br>was happening between them, Mulder leaned in and carefully captured  
>her lips with his. She rested her hand on his neck and Mulder did  
<br>not move. He was unable to move. All he could think of was whether  
>it was a dream he was experiencing at the moment but he could feel  
<br>Scully's trembling hand on his neck which showed him that she must  
>have been feeling the same at this special, indefinable moment. Time  
<br>passed by but neither of them could tell whether it were seconds,  
  
>minutes or hours. It seemed to be endless.<br>When their lips finally parted, Scully leaned her forehead  
>against his and both did not break eye contact. Mulder touched  
<br>his lips as if he still could not believe the sensation of  
  
>feeling Scully's lips against his.If somebody had told them to  
<br>hold this position for the rest of the day, they had probably  
  
>agreed because the situation was so new but it was also  
<br>wonderful.  
>Scully gazed at the old couple and noticed that they had obviously  
<br>enjoyed the whole scenario. They were holding hands and smiling at  
>Scully. Scully smiled back. She just could not resist since she was  
<br>so incredibly happy. Then she looked again at Mulder.  
  
><br>"Scully?"  
><br>"Hm?"  
><br>"Who's gonna tell Frohike?"  
><br>Scully grinned and took his hand in hers to lead him out of the  
  
>church.<br>They could not stop looking at each other while they made their  
>way to the door. Outside, Mulder suddenly stopped when he  
<br>realized he still held this little burning heart in his hand.  
  
><br>"What about the Milagro, Scully?"  
><br>"Well, I think you can put it back into the file cabinet."  
  
><br>"Really?"  
><br>Scully kissed him on his forehead.  
><br>"Yes. Time to close the file, Mulder."  
><br>THE END  
><br>  
>As always I hope you enjoyed it since this is always my intention  
<br>when I am writing a story. In case you did not like it, feel free  
  
>to flame me :-)<br>Please send your feedback, criticism and advice

to my e-mail  
>adress or review the story.<br>  
><br>The critical mind is the creative mind  
>- David Duchovny -<br>  
>My other stories:<br>  
>Tell me who you are<br>  
>Like the boxes on my loft<br>  
> <p><p>

End  
file.